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**Miscellany.**

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FROM THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

**THE INDIAN MOTHER.**

Many of the settlements formed by the Jesuits upon the Oroonoko are daily becoming less populous, from epidemic fevers, the small-pox, &c. To prevent the missions from being wholly deserted, the fathers make hostile incursions into the villages of the independent Indians, under the name of *entrados*, which are avowedly undertaken for "the conquest of souls," though it is obviously necessary, in the first place, to secure the bodies. To effect this, the natives are usually attacked by night in their hovels, and their children seized and carried off, to be distributed among the Indians of the missions, as serfs. An affecting instance of maternal tenderness, displayed on an occasion of this inhuman practice, is given by M. de Humboldt, which, he justly observes, "proves how much the system calls for the care of the legislator."

"In 1797 the missionary of San Fernando had led his Indians to the banks of the Rio Guaviare, on one of those hostile incursions, which are prohibited alike by religion and the Spanish laws. They found in an Indian hut a Guahiba mother with three children, two of whom were still infants. They were occupied in preparing the flour of cassava. Resistance was impossible; the father was gone to fish, and the mother tried in vain to flee with her children. Scarcely had she reached the savannah, when she was seized by the Indians of the mission, who go to *hunt men*, like the whites and the negroes in Africa. The mother and her children were bound, and dragged to the bank of the river. The monk, seated in his boat, waited the issue of an expedition, of which he partook not the danger. Had the mother made too violent a resistance, the Indians would have killed her, for every thing is permitted when they go to the

conquest of souls (*à la conquista espiritual*), and it is children in particular they seek to capture, in order to treat them in the mission as *poitos*, or slaves of the Christians. The prisoners were carried to San Fernando in the hope that the mother would be unable to find her way back to her home by land. Far from those children who had accompanied their father on the day in which she had been carried off, this unhappy woman showed signs of the deepest despair. She attempted to take back to her family the children, who had been snatched away by the missionary; and fled with them repeatedly from the village of San Fernando, but the Indians never failed to seize her anew; and the missionary, after having caused her to be mercilessly beaten, took the cruel resolution of separating the mother from the two children, who had been carried off with her. She was conveyed alone toward the missions of the Rio Negro, going up the Atabapo. Slightly bound, she was seated at the bow of the boat, ignorant of the fate that awaited her; but she judged by the direction of the sun, that she was removing farther and farther from her hut and her native country. She succeeded in breaking her bonds, threw herself into the water, and swam to the left bank of the Atabapo. The current carried her to a shelf of rock, which bears her name to this day. She landed, and took shelter in the woods, but the president of the missions ordered the Indians to row to the shore, and follow the traces of the Guahiba. In the evening she was brought back. Stretched upon the rock (*la Piedra de la Madre*) a cruel punishment was inflicted on her with those straps of manatee leather, which serve for whips in that country, and with which the alcades are always furnished. This unhappy woman, her hands tied behind her back with strong stalks of *mavacure*, was then dragged to the mission of Javita.

"She was there thrown into one of the caravanseras that are called *Casa del Rey*. It was the rainy season, and the night was profoundly dark. Forests, till then believed to be impenetrable, separated the mission of Javita from that of San Fernando, which was twenty-five leagues distant in a straight line. No other path is known than that of the rivers; no man ever attempted to go by land from one village to another, were they only a few leagues apart. But such difficulties do not stop a mother who is separated from her children. The Guahiba was carelessly guarded in the caravansera. Her arms being wounded, the Indians of Javita had loosened her bonds, unknown to the missionary and the alcades. She succeeded by the help of her teeth in breaking them entirely; disappeared during the night; and at the fourth rising sun was seen at the mission of San Fernando, hovering around the hut where her children were confined. 'What that woman performed,' added the mis-



sionary who gave us this sad narrative, 'the most robust Indian would not have ventured to undertake. She traversed the woods at a season when the sky is constantly covered with clouds, and the sun during whole days appears but for a few minutes. Did the course of the waters direct her way? The inundations of the rivers forced her to go far from the banks of the main stream, through the midst of woods where the movement of the waters is almost imperceptible. How often must she have been stopped by the thorny *hanas*, that form a network around the trunks they entwine! How often must she have swam across the rivulets that run into the Atabapo! This unfortunate woman was asked how she had sustained herself during four days? She said that, exhausted with fatigue, she could find no other nourishment than those great black ants called *vachacos*, which climb the trees in long bands, to suspend on them their resinous nests.' We pressed the missionary to tell us whether the Guahiba had peacefully enjoyed the happiness of remaining with her children; and if any repentance had followed this excess of cruelty. He would not satisfy our curiosity; but at our return from the Rio Negro we learnt, that the Indian mother was not allowed time to cure her wounds, but was again separated from her children, and sent to one of the missions of the Upper Oroonoko. There she died, refusing all kind of nourishment, as the savages do in great calamities."

FROM THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

JACQUES LOUIS DAVID.

This eminent painter, whom public opinion has placed at the head of the present French school, has reflected not less disgrace upon his name by his political sentiments and conduct, than credit by his professional talents. In 1792 he was an elector of Paris, afterwards a deputy to the National Convention, and a member of the Committee of Public Safety; and during the reign of terror one of the warmest friends of Robespierre. He voted for the death of Louis XVI. without appeal or delay. On the 25th of September, 1790, he presented to the National Assembly a picture representing the king entering that assembly on the 4th of February. He also began a large picture representing the taking of the oath in the tennis-court in 1789; from the windows of the edifice was seen the palace of Versailles, covered with clouds, whence issued prophetic lightnings. This picture was never finished.

On the 28th of March, 1793, M. David presented to the National Convention a picture of Michel Lepelletier upon his death-bed. The bloody weapon was still upon his wound and pierced through a paper, upon which were inscribed these words:

*I vote for the death of the tyrant.* "Citizens," cried David, addressing the assembly, and at the same time drawing a curtain which was hung before the picture, "each of us is responsible to our country for the talents which Nature has bestowed on him; if the form be different, the end ought to be the same with all. The genuine patriot ought eagerly to seize all possible means of enlightening his fellow-citizens, and of incessantly exhibiting to their view the sublime traits of heroism and virtue. Such is the object at which I have aimed, in the homage that I offer at this moment to the Convention, of a picture representing Michel Lepelletier, basely assassinated for having voted for the death of the tyrant. Occasions are never wanting to great souls: if ever, for example, an ambitious man were to talk to you of a dictator, a tribune, a director, or were to attempt to usurp the least portion of the sovereignty of the people, or if a coward were to propose a king to you—fight or die, like Michel Lepelletier, rather than consent to it."

David was intimately connected with Marat, and was one of his habitual associates: he himself proclaimed this intimacy before the Convention, when one Guillaud came, at the head of a deputation of the section of the Posts, to demand vengeance for the death of that monster. "Where art thou, David?" exclaimed the spokesman of the section; "thou hast transmitted to posterity the image of Lepelletier dying for his country; thou hast yet another picture to paint!"—"And I will paint it!" cried David from his place. When Guillaud had finished, David, with tears in his eyes, said that his friend had long been afflicted with a kind of leprosy, produced by the agitation of his blood. "I was almost always with him," added he; "but unfortunately it was decreed that I should be absent when he received the fatal blow." He afterwards claimed the honours of the Pantheon for Marat. "Citizens," said he, "the people demanded back their friend; their lamentations provoked my art; they desired to behold again the features of their faithful friend. David, cried they, seize thy pencil, revenge our friend, revenge Marat; let his vanquished enemies once more turn pale on beholding his disfigured visage. Hasten hither all—the mother, the widow, the orphan, the oppressed soldier—all ye whom he has defended at the peril of his life, approach and contemplate your friend. And thou, Marat, from the recesses of the tomb, thine ashes will rejoice; thou wilt no longer regret thy mortal remains!"

The picture which he painted in consequence was of large dimensions. He represented Marat, at the moment of being stabbed with a dagger, in the bath, and the blood streaming from his wound. The portrait was a *horrible* likeness; and perhaps in regard to resemblance one of the master-pieces, of



this painter, who, in the opinion of connoisseurs, is far less skillful in this than in the other departments of his art. This portrait was exhibited for some days, beside that of Lepelletier, in the court-yard of the Louvre, where two altars were erected before them. Both were afterwards removed to the hall in which the Convention met, where that of Marat continued till his remains were turned out of the Pantheon. What afterwards became of it is not known.

In January, 1794, David was president of the Convention. On the 9th Thermidor, at the moment of Robespierre's defeat by the Convention, the painter turned towards the deputy for Arras, and, in allusion to the death of Socrates, the subject of one of his finest pieces, declared that "he would drink the hemlock with him." This attachment to Robespierre exasperated all the enemies of the tyrant against David; they caused him to be immediately arrested and conveyed to the prison of the Luxembourg, which was full of prisoners, almost all of whom were royalists.—When David, the painter, was announced, there was heard a murmur of disapprobation, by which he was much mortified. "I see clearly," said he, "by the manner in which I am received, that there are no republicans here." He was answered by shouts of laughter and sarcastic observations, which so affected him, that he chose rather to be shut up in a room by himself, than to have the liberty of walking in the galleries and corridors with the other prisoners, who were disposed to torment him in all possible ways. He applied to be kept under arrest at his own house, that he might finish a picture on which he was engaged. His pupils, supported by Chenier and Bailleul, procured his liberation by virtue of a decree of the 27th December, purporting that there was no occasion to investigate his conduct. But after the insurrection of the 1st Prairial (May 20, 1795) he was comprehended in a decree of accusation as a *terrorist*, and again confined in the Luxembourg. Here he remained till the 21st of August; when he obtained permission to remain in his own house under a guard, which he did till the amnesty of the 4th Brumaire.

As a member of the Committee of Public Safety, David has been charged with the greatest cruelties. It was in this quality that, some days before the trial of the queen, he was commissioned to repair to the prison of the Temple, and to extort, either by artifice or threats, declarations not less odious than false, from the children of that unfortunate princess. Mercier relates, in his *Nouveau Paris*, that he one day exclaimed in his section: "You might fire with grape upon the artists and not be afraid of killing a single patriot."

Though a great painter, David is a man of very little information or native genius. A tumour upon the cheek gives him a frightful look and affects his speech.

His equestrian portrait of Bonaparte, painted for the *Hôtel des Invalides*, is beneath his reputation. The execution of his pictures is remarkably pure; his colours are skilfully distributed, and the mechanical part of the art is carried by him to the highest degree of perfection; but the composition is heavy or gigantic, and the spectator feels that cold correctness is obtained at the expense of genius.

The innovation which he ventured to make, by exhibiting at his house for money his picture of the Sabines, drew upon him the charge of avarice. This exhibition, which was opened in 1800, lasted five years. It was on occasion of this picture, which is the more pleasing as the composition is more elegant than in many of his productions, that he sought to justify the nudity of his heroes, Tatiüs and Romulus, by alleging, that Achilles at the sacrifice of Iphigenia, Perseus before Andromeda, and even Hippolytus in the presence of Phædra, are naked in the antique. In his picture of Thermopylæ, exhibited in like manner in his painting-room in 1814 and 1815, the nudity of the figures is rendered still more striking by more vigorous colouring; and yet females were seen sitting whole hours before this picture, with their eyes fixed on the handsome Leonidas and the young Spartans completely naked!

David has often been heard to inveigh against Rubens, and to declare that the flesh of that painter was putrid flesh. Most of his disciples have imbibed the same notion; but it is very certain that the flesh in his figures may be charged with the contrary defect. Nevertheless, it cannot be denied that David is now the first painter of the French school; and this consideration has often contributed to obtain pardon for his political conduct.

In 1804 he was directed to make a drawing of the coronation of Bonaparte, and paid a visit to Pope Pius VII. for that purpose; he afterwards executed a picture of it upon a very extensive scale. These performances procured him the title of first painter to the emperor. In 1809, with a view to merit the favours heaped upon him by the imperial government, he painted the distribution of the eagles in the Champ de Mars. On the reappearance of Bonaparte in 1815, David was appointed commandant of the Legion of Honour, of which he had long been an officer. Napoleon went in person to visit him in his painting-room, and there conversed with him in the most familiar manner. On the return of the king the law against regicides obliged David to expatriate himself, and he proceeded through Switzerland to Italy. He ceased at the same time to be a member of the Institute, to which he had belonged ever since its establishment. Generals Jeanin and Meunier are his sons-in-law.



FROM THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

## DEATHS OF ENGLISH PRINCES.

"With equal pace, impartial fate  
Knocks at the palace, as the cottage gate."

(Concluded from page 61.)

In the reign of Edward VI.\* the ambitious and turbulent Lord High Admiral Seymour was executed, for conspiring to remove his brother the Duke of Somerset from the dignity of Protector. Somerset soon after fell through the machinations of Dudley Duke of Northumberland; and Northumberland himself being taken some years after in open rebellion against Mary, experienced a similar fate. Lady Jane Grey, granddaughter of the Duchess of Suffolk,† (youngest sister of Henry VIII.) was, together with her husband, Lord Guildford Dudley, beheaded by order of the implacable Queen Mary. The Duke of Suffolk her father, and his brother Lord Thomas Grey, were executed at the same time for being concerned in Sir Thomas Wyatt's rebellion. Her uncle Lord Leonard Grey had been beheaded some years before by Henry VIII. In the reign of Elizabeth, Mary Queen of Scots‡ was executed at Fotheringay Castle,—a sacrifice to the jealousy and duplicity of her more powerful rival. Her grandson Henry Prince of Wales, (eldest son of James I.) died at the early age of seventeen of a fever, or, as some say, by poison. Henry Duke of Gloucester, youngest son of Charles I. died of the small pox in the year of the Restoration, before he had attained the age of manhood. His eldest sister Mary, Princess of Orange, (mother of William III.) soon after fell a victim to the same disease; and his second sister Elizabeth did not long survive them, her life being shortened, it is supposed, by grief for her father's cruel fate. The Duke of Monmouth, natural son of Charles II. was beheaded for a rebellion against James II. his pretensions to

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\* Henry Fitzroy, Duke of Richmond, (natural brother of this Prince,) a youth of brilliant talents and accomplishments, died at the early age of seventeen.

† This Princess was first married to Lewis XII. of France; but he dying soon after the celebration of their nuptials, she espoused in the second month of her widowhood, Charles Brandon Duke of Suffolk. Their daughter, Lady Frances Brandon, married Henry Grey, third Marquis of Dorset, who, on the death of his father-in-law, succeeded to the vacant dukedom of Suffolk. Their issue were Lady Jane Grey and Lady Catherine Grey, the latter of whom being divorced from Lord Herbert her first husband, and afterwards marrying the Earl of Hertford, (son of the protector Somerset) against the consent of Queen Elizabeth, was imprisoned in the Tower, where she died after a rigorous confinement of nine years.

‡ This unfortunate Princess was grand-daughter of James IV. of Scotland, who married Margaret, eldest sister of Henry VIII. Her father James V. was consequently first cousin of Elizabeth.

the throne being utterly destroyed by the loss of the battle of Sedgemoor. George Prince of Denmark, consort of Queen Anne, died of the dropsy, and their eldest son William, Duke of Gloucester, was cut off by a fever in his twelfth year. Their five other children all died in infancy, so that on the death of Anne, the Protestant line of the House of Stuart became extinct. Frederick Prince of Wales, eldest son of George II. died of an abscess in the lungs; and his brother William Duke of Cumberland, the hero of Culloden, from the bursting of a blood vessel. Edward Duke of York, second son of the Prince of Wales and next brother of his late Majesty, died at Genoa of a malignant fever, in the 28th year of his age. His third and fourth brothers, the Dukes of Cumberland and Gloucester, also died in the prime of life; and his youngest brother Frederick at the early age of seventeen. The fate of his sister Matilda, the unfortunate Queen of Denmark, is well known: and the deaths which have occurred in the Royal family, since that period, are too recent to require repetition.

As an historical document, however, this paper will be more complete by also enumerating the deaths of the British Princes from the Saxon Heptarchy, A. D. 584, to the establishment of the English monarchy by Egbert in 827; and from that æra to the Norman Conquest, A. D. 1066; both together including a period of nearly five hundred years.—And first of the Princes of the Heptarchy.

**NORTHUMBERLAND.** (A. D. 617-794.) Ethelfrid, King of Bernicia and son-in-law of Ælla King of Deira, having expelled his brother-in-law Edwin from his hereditary dominions, was slain in a great battle\* fought against the usurper by Edwin, in alliance with Redwald, King of the East Angles. In that battle Regner, the eldest son of Redwald, fell by the hand of Ethelfrid. Edwin himself, who then became firmly established in the sovereignty of Northumberland, perished some years afterwards, with his eldest son Osfrid, in an engagement with Penda King of Mercia and Cadwallon Prince of North Wales. Edfrid, his second son, was treacherously put to death by Penda, into whose hands he had surrendered himself; and Vuscfraea, his youngest son, died at the Court of Dagobert, King of France, where he had taken refuge with Yffi, the infant son of his brother Osfrid. King Edwin being slain, Eanfrid, the eldest son of Ethelfrid succeeded; but was soon afterwards killed in a battle with Cadwallon, together with Osric the cousin german of Edwin. Oswald, the next brother of Eanfrid, fell in an engagement with Penda, at Maserfield, in Shropshire. In the reign

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\* This engagement was fought on the banks of the river Idel, on the borders of Yorkshire and Nottinghamshire.



of Oswy his youngest brother, Oswin who had succeeded his father Ösric in the sovereignty of Deira, was assassinated by order of Oswy. Penda, King of Mercia, and Ethelhere, King of the East-Angles, having entered into a confederacy to dethrone that monarch, were both slain by his troops in the battle of Leeds. About the same time, Penda's son Peada fell a victim to the treachery of his wife Alchfleda, daughter of Oswy. Egfrid, Oswy's eldest son, perished in a battle with the Picts, and his brother Elfwin fell in a conflict on the banks of the Trent with the Mercians under the command of their King Ethelred. Osred, grandson of Oswy by his illegitimate son Alfred, fell a victim to a conspiracy formed against him by his kinsman Kenred, who after being in possession of the crown for two years, perished by a like fate. Oswulf, son of Eadbert, cousin german of Kenred, was assassinated by his domestics. Ethelwald-Mollo his successor, fell a sacrifice to the treachery of Prince Alcred. That Prince was deposed and slain by his subjects; and his brother Elfwald met a similar fate. Osred his nephew, after a short reign, made way for Ethelred, the son of Ethelwald-Mollo; and his death was equally tragical with those of his predecessors.

EAST-ANGLIA. (A. D. 617-792.) Eorpwald, the second son of that Redwald whom we have before mentioned as the conqueror of Ethelfrid, King of Bernicia, was assassinated in the year 633 by Richbert, a Pagan nobleman, in revenge for his having embraced the Christian faith. His father Redwold, whom he succeeded, fell in a conspiracy formed against him by his subjects in the year 617. Sigebert, half-brother of Eorpwald, perished with Egric, the successor of that monarch, in a battle with the famous Penda, King of Mercia. Anans, a Prince of the blood, who was next preferred to the vacant throne, was also slain, with his son, in an engagement with the victorious Penda. Ethelhere, his brother and successor, fell in the battle of Leeds, having conspired with Penda to expel Oswy from his Northumbrian dominions. Edmund was defeated with great slaughter by the Danes, and soon after murdered. Ethelbert, the last of the East-Anglian Kings, was treacherously beheaded at the Court of Offa, King of Mercia, whither he had repaired to solemnize his nuptials with Althrida, the daughter of that monarch.

MERCIA. (625-825.) We find no traces of the deaths of the Mercian Princes, (including Crida, the founder of this monarchy and his successors,) till the reign of his grandson Penda, who came to the throne in the year 625. This Prince, who has been so often mentioned as victorious over the rival Kings of the Heptarchy, was at length slain in the battle of Leeds, at the advanced age of seventy-nine. Ethelbald (who was descend-

ed from a brother of Penda,) the predecessor of the famous Offa, perished in a rebellion, or as some say, was assassinated by his guards. Cenelm, who came to the throne on the death of his father Cenulf, fell a victim to the treachery and ambition of his eldest sister Quendrida. Beornulf, who then usurped the crown, was slain in an engagement with the East-Anglians. His successor Ludican met a similar fate in a battle which took place two years afterwards. Withlaf, who was next elected to the sovereignty of Mercia, being defeated by Egbert King of Wessex, was compelled to abdicate the throne; but was soon after permitted by that monarch to reign, on condition of acknowledging himself to be the vassal of his conqueror. On his death, the kingdom of Mercia was entirely subjected by Egbert, and subsequently formed into a part of the English monarchy.

**WESSEX.** (A. D. 754-800.) Sigebert, who mounted the throne of Wessex on the death of his kinsman Cuthred, having been deposed by his subjects for his tyranny and oppression, took refuge with Gumbra, the governor of Hampshire. Not liking the advice which this nobleman addressed to him on his fallen situation, and the remonstrances he made on the impropriety of his former conduct, Sigebert treacherously murdered his benefactor; but was himself soon after slain by one of Cumbra's retainers, in revenge for his perfidy and ingratitude. Cenulf who succeeded, was assassinated by Sigebert's brother Cyneheard, whom he had banished on suspicion of rebellious designs; and Cyneheard himself was soon after, with his followers, put to the sword by the friends of the murdered monarch. Brithric, who next possessed the crown, fell a victim to the arts of his wife Eadburga, by tasting a poisonous draught prepared by her for a young nobleman, whose favour with the King had excited her jealousy and hatred.

**SUSSEX.** (A. D. 684-686.) History does not present us with any thing remarkable as to the lives or deaths of the Princes of this kingdom of the Heptarchy, till we come to Adelwach, who in the year 685, was defeated and slain by Ceadwalla, a West-Saxon Prince, who afterwards became King of Wessex. His two infant sons, falling into the hands of the Conqueror, were cruelly sacrificed by him; and Berthun, who attempted to gain the crown on the death of Adelwach, was defeated and slain, in the following year, by the troops of the victorious Ceadwalla.

**ESSEX.** (A. D. 623-661.) Sexred, Seward, and Sigebert, the three sons of Sebert, who was the first Christian King of the East-Saxons, were all killed in an engagement with the West-Saxons. These idolatrous Princes, who reigned in conjunction on the death of their more enlightened predecessor, re-established Paganism, and banished from their dominions the



bishops whom Sebert had appointed. Sigebert the Good was assassinated at a banquet, by a nobleman, whom the Bishop of London had excommunicated for his crimes.

KENT. (A. D. 664-796.) Egbert, who was the son of Ercombert, (the grandson of the famous Ethelbert,) put to death his two cousins, the sons of his uncle Ermenfred, in order to prevent their succession to the throne. On his death, his brother Lothaire ascended the throne, although Egbert had left two sons, Edric and Widred. Edric, however, exerting his utmost efforts to obtain the crown, to which, as the son of the late monarch, he naturally conceived he had a better claim than a collateral kinsman, raised a large army, with the aid of Adelwach, king of Sussex, and marching against Lothaire, a general engagement ensued, in which the usurper was defeated and slain. Lothaire's son, Richard, whom, for the sake of security, he had associated with himself in the government, was obliged to fly to the continent, where, after many adventures, he died at Lucca. The reign of Edric was short and tumultuous, and ended, as was in those times usual, in a violent death. In the reign of Widred, his successor, Mollo, who was aiding his brother Ceadwalla, king of Wessex, in the subjugation of Kent, perished in a battle with the forces of Widred, or, according to other accounts, he was burnt with his attendants, in a house where he had taken refuge, and to which the enemy had set fire. History has transmitted very imperfect records of the reigns of the succeeding kings, until we come to Eadbert, who being invaded by Cenulf, king of Mercia, was in a great battle defeated, and taken prisoner by him, and carried in triumph to the Mercian territories, where the inhuman conqueror deprived him of his hands and eyes. The unfortunate monarch's death soon followed this act of savage barbarity.

The deaths of the British princes, from the foundation of the English monarchy to the period of the Norman Conquest, were for the most part natural, and undistinguished by any peculiar circumstances. We may therefore pass over Egbert, Ethelwolf, Ethelbald, Ethelbert, Alfred, Edward the Elder, Athelstan, Edred, Edgar, Ethelred II., Canute, Harold Harefoot, and Edward the Confessor. Of those, however, who died violent or sudden deaths, we may enumerate Ethelred, third brother of Alfred the Great, who died of a wound received in a battle with the Danes. Ethelwold, nephew of Alfred by his second brother Ethelbert, was slain in the battle of Bury, where, in conjunction with the Danes, he endeavoured to dethrone his cousin, Edward the Elder. Edmund I., the second son of the latter prince, fell by the dagger of Leolf. Edwy, his son, died at the early age of twenty, overwhelmed with grief for the cruel treatment of his queen, Elgiva, the rebellious conduct of his subjects, and the loss of his dominions. Edward the Martyr

fell a victim to the treachery of his step-mother, Elfrida. Edwin, eldest son of Edmund Ironside, died at an early age in Hungary, soon after his marriage with the sister of Solomon, king of that country. His brother Edward, commonly called *the Outlaw*, the father of Edgar Atheling, being invited to this country by Edward the Confessor, died on his arrival. Edmund Ironside himself was murdered at Oxford by one Cedric, with the connivance, it is said, of Canute the Great. By order of the same monarch, Edwy, fifth son of Ethelred II. by Ethelgiva his first wife, was put to death in order to prevent any attempts upon the crown in his favour. Prince Alfred, son of Ethelred by his second wife, Emma, of Normandy, and elder brother of Edward the Confessor, was deprived of sight, and afterwards cruelly murdered by Godwin, Earl of Kent, a dependant of Harold Harefoot. Hardicanute died suddenly at a feast in Lambeth. The powerful Godwin also died suddenly at a banquet given by him to Edward the Confessor. His eldest son, Sweyn, was slain by the Saracens, on his return from a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. His second son, Tosti, Duke of Northumberland, was slain in an engagement at Stamford Bridge, near York, attempting to dethrone his brother, Harold II.: and Girth and Leofwin, the two remaining brothers of that monarch, perished with him in the fatal battle of Hastings.

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AMERICAN MEDALS.

(*Concluded from p. 63.*)

6. To Captain Jesse Duncan Elliot, of Baltimore, second in command, for his gallantry in the same action. Passed January 6, 1814.

7. To Commodore O. H. Perry.

8. To Captain J. D. Elliot.

9. To Lieutenant John J. Yarnal, of Pennsylvania, for good conduct in the same action, voted by the legislature of Pennsylvania, January 31, 1814.

10. To the nearest male relative of Lieutenant William Burrows, of Philadelphia, killed in action, and

11. To Lieutenant Edward R. McCall, of South Carolina, first and second in command of the brig *Enterprise*, for the capture of the British sloop of war *Boxer*, Captain Blythe, September 4, 1813. Passed 6th January, 1814.

12. To the nearest male relative of Captain James Lawrence, of New Jersey, of the sloop of war *Hornet*, for the capture of brig *Peacock*, Captain William Peak, on the 24th January, 1813, after an action of fifteen minutes. Passed January 11, 1814.

13. To Captain Thomas McDonough, of Delaware, commodore of the fleet on Lake Champlain.



14. To Captain Robert Henley, and Lieutenant Stephen Cassin, officers in that fleet, for the victory over the British fleet on Lake Champlain, before Plattsburgh, September 11, 1814. Passed October 20, 1814.

15. To Captain Lewis Warrington, of Virginia, of the sloop of war Peacock, for the capture of the British brig L'Epervier, Captain Wales, on the 29th April, 1814. Voted October 21, 1814.

16. To Captain Johnston Blakely, of North Carolina, of the sloop of war Wasp, for the capture of the British sloop of war Reindeer, Captain Manners, June 28, 1814. Voted November 3d, 1814.

17. To Captain Charles Stewart, of Philadelphia, commander of the frigate Constitution, for the capture of the Cyane, Captain Gordon Falcon, and the Levant, Captain George Douglass, on the 28th February, 1815. Voted February 22, 1816.

18. To Captain James Biddle, of Philadelphia, commander of the sloop of war Hornet, for the capture of the sloop of war Penguin, on the 23d March, 1815. Voted February 22, 1816.\*

#### SILVER MEDALS

Were decreed for good conduct to the following officers, and on the following occasions: (passed at the same time as the gold medals:)

To each of the commissioned officers of the frigates Constitution, United States, and Wasp, for the capture of the Guerriere, Macedonian, and Frolic.

To officers of the same rank of the Constitution, Captain Bainbridge, for the capture of the Java.

To officers of the same rank who served under the late Captain James Lawrence, in the Hornet, when she took the Peacock.

To officers of the same rank and to the officers of the army on board the fleet of Captain Perry, on Lake Erie, and the nearest male relation of Lieutenant John Brooks,† of the marines, who was killed in the action on Lake Erie.

To those citizens of Pennsylvania, who volunteered their services on board the American squadron on Lake Erie, in the battle 10th September, 1814, with each person's name thereon. Voted by the legislature of Pennsylvania, January 31, 1814.

To each commissioned officer of the brig Enterprise, commanded by Lieutenant Burrows, in the action with, and the victory over, the Boxer sloop of war.

To the same officers, and to the officers of the army, on board the squadron of Commodore M'Donough, in the victory on

\* See an account of the action in the Port Folio, third series, vol. 6.

† Son of the present governor of Massachusetts.

Lake Champlain; and to the nearest male relative of Lieutenant Peter Gamble, and of Lieutenant Stansbury, who were killed in that engagement.

To each commissioned officer on board the *Wasp*, Captain Blakely, when he captured the *Reindeer*.

To the same officers of the *Hornet*, Captain Biddle, for good conduct in the action with the *Penguin*.

To the same officers of the *Constitution*, Captain Stewart, when he took the *Cyane* and *Levant*.\*

#### GOLD MEDALS

Were voted to the following named officers of the American army, during the late war with England, for gallantry and good conduct, in the battles of Chippewa, Niagara, and Erie, in Upper Canada.

To Major General Brown, Brigadier Generals Ripley, and B. S. Miller: also to Major General Porter, of the New York volunteers.

To Major General Scott, for distinguished services at the battles of Chippewa and Niagara, and for uniform gallantry and good conduct.

To Major General Gaines, for defeating the British at the storming of fort Erie, on the 15th August, 1814.

To Major General Macomb, for the defeat of the British, at Plattsburgh, on the 11th September, 1814: repelling, with 1500 men aided by a body of militia, a veteran British army, greatly superior in numbers. Passed, November 3, 1814.

To Major General Jackson, "for valour, skill, and good conduct," in defeating the British under Sir Edward Packenham, before New Orleans, January 8, 1815. Voted, February 27, 1815.

To Major General Wm. Henry Harrison, and Isaac Shelby, late governor of Kentucky, for defeating the combined British and Indian forces, under Major General Proctor, on the Thames, in Upper Canada, on the 5th day of October, 1813; capturing the British army, with their camp equipage, and artillery. Voted April 4, 1818.

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#### BANKS OF THE OROONOKO.

"In this part of the New Continent," says M. de Humboldt, "surrounded by dense forests of boundless extent, we almost accustomed ourselves to regard men as not being essential to

\* For particulars of the actions between our navy, from the commencement of the American war, see "Clarke's Naval History of the United States." The details of those fought during the last war with England, are also given in "Bowen's Naval Monument."



the order of nature. The earth is loaded with plants, and nothing impedes their free development. An immense layer of mould manifests the uninterrupted action of organic powers. The crocodiles and the boas are masters of the river; the jaguar, the pecari, the dante, and the monkeys, traverse the forest without fear, and without danger; there they dwell as in an ancient inheritance. This aspect of animated nature, in which man is nothing, has something in it strange and sad. To this we reconcile ourselves with difficulty on the ocean, and amid the sands of Africa; though in these scenes, where nothing recalls to mind our fields, our woods, and our streams, we are less astonished at the vast solitude through which we pass. Here, in a fertile country adorned with eternal verdure, we seek in vain the traces of the power of man; we seem to be transported into a world different from that which gave us birth."

The jaguars, or tigers, though less ferocious than those of the East, and less disposed to attack human beings, make great havoc among the pigs of the poor Indians. The following striking instance of the rude familiarity of these animals amused us.

"Some months before our arrival, a jaguar, which was thought to be young, though of a large size, had wounded a child in playing with him; I use confidently this expression, which may seem strange, having on the spot verified facts which are not without interest in the history of the manners of animals. Two Indian children, a boy and a girl, about eight and nine years of age, were seated on the grass near the village of Atures, in the middle of a savannah, which we have often traversed. At two o'clock in the afternoon, a jaguar issued from the forest, and approached the children, bounding around them; sometimes he hid himself in the high grass, sometimes he sprang forward, his back bent, his head hung down, in the manner of our cats. The little boy, ignorant of his danger, seemed to be sensible of it only when the jaguar with one of his paws gave him some blows on the head. These blows, at first slight, became ruder and ruder, the claws of the jaguar wounded the child, and the blood flowed with violence. The little girl then took a branch of a tree, struck the animal, and it fled from her. The Indians ran up at the cries of the children, and saw the jaguar, which retired bounding, without making the least show of resistance."

All animals of the feline tribe, even the lion and the striped tiger, are playful as well as ferocious, and their disposition towards the one or the other mood depends chiefly, we believe, on the state of the stomach: the jaguar of the Atures had no doubt breakfasted to his satisfaction, and played with the child just as a cat will with a mouse, when she is not hungry.

"It was among the cataracts of this neighbourhood," says M. de Humboldt, "that we began to hear of 'the hairy man of the woods,' that carries off women, constructs huts, and eats human flesh." The natives, as well as the missionaries, firmly believe in the existence of this *anthropomorphous* monkey (as our author calls it,) which they name *vasitri*, or the great devil, and of which they entertain a singular dread. Father Gilli, however, gravely relates the history of a lady (an inhabitant of San Carlos,) who lived several years with one of these savages in great domestic harmony: she found him, she said, kind and attentive; and was only induced to request some hunters to take her and her children back to society "because she was tired of living so far from the church and the sacraments." Sir Stamford Raffles has a story precisely of the same kind, respecting a lady of Borneo, who was carried off by an ourang-outang, with whom she dwelt for a long time, and received the most kind and endearing attentions from him. The *vasitri* of the new continent has never been seen; but the Borneo man of the woods is frequently caught, and is said to make very extraordinary approaches to somewhat of a reasoning faculty. That for instance brought home by Lord Amherst, when affronted by any of the sailors would march to the gangway, and *threaten* to jump overboard: and we have been assured that another of the monkey tribe, called *unka puti* (*simia lar*), in a fit of jealousy, actually got hold of a rope and hanged himself! Such stories as these, whether true or false, are certainly in common credence throughout the equatorial regions of both the new and old world; and our author says that he and his fellow traveller "were every where blamed in the most cultivated class of society, for being the only persons to doubt the existence of the great anthropomorphous monkey of America." He seems inclined to think, however, that this creature may exist in the person of one of those large bears, the footsteps of which resemble those of a man, "and which is believed, in every country, to attack women:" as all articles of popular belief, even the most absurd in appearance, repose on real, but ill reported facts, he counsels future travellers to continue their researches on "the hairy man of the woods," and examine whether it may not be some unknown species of bear, or some very rare monkey, analogous to the *simia chiropotes*, or *satanas*, that has given rise to these singular tales.

The dread of monkeys, tigers, and crocodiles, sinks into nothing when compared with the *plaga de las moscas*—the torment of insects. "However accustomed," says our traveller, "you may be to endure pain without complaint, however lively an interest you may take in the object of your researches, it is impossible not to be constantly disturbed by the mosquettos, zaucu-



does, jejens, and tempraneroes, that cover the face and hands, pierce the clothes with their long sucker, in the shape of a needle, and, getting into the mouth and nostrils, set you coughing and sneezing, whenever you attempt to speak in the open air—I doubt,” he adds, “whether there be a country upon earth, where man is exposed to more cruel torments in the rainy season, when the lower strata of the air, to the height of fifteen or twenty feet, are filled with venomous insects, like a condensed vapour.” When a padre-guardian chooses to exercise his vengeance on a lay brother, he sends him to Esmeralda, or, as the monks ; cularly say, “condemns him to the mosquettoes.” “It is now,” says M. de Humboldt, “neither the dangers of a navigation in small boats, the savage Indians, nor the serpents, crocodiles, or jaguars, that make the Spaniards dread a voyage on the Oroonoko; it is, as they say with simplicity, *el sudar y las moscas*, ‘the sweatings and the flies.’” The only relief is to sleep in the midst of a drove of cattle, on whom these insects prefer to settle; or in small ovens (*hornitos*) out of which they have previously been driven by the smoke of wet brushwood. We pass over the natural history of the various kinds of tipulary insects; but it is worthy of remark that these creatures, as well as the crocodiles, shun the proximity of the *aguas negras*, or *black waters*. “On the banks of the Atabapo, the Tuni, the Tuamini, and the Rio Negro,” says our author, “we enjoyed a repose, I had almost said a happiness unexpected.” Yet these rivers cross thick forests, like the Oroonoko, and their waters, though coloured, appear to be equally pure.

The laboured details into which our author enters on the subject of those minute animals, which are capable of rendering vast countries almost uninhabitable, and of the termites which devour paper, pasteboard, and parchment, with frightful rapidity, destroying not only records but whole libraries, are fully justified, he conceives, (and we agree with him,) by the general physiological views with which they are connected. After remarking that many provinces of Spanish America do not afford one written document which dates one hundred years back, he concludes this most interesting chapter by the following general and just observations:

“In proportion as you ascend the table land of the Andes, these evils disappear. Man breathes a fresh and pure air. These insects no more disturb the labours of the day, or the slumbers of the night. Documents can be collected in archives without our having to complain of the voracity of the termites. The moschettoes are no longer feared at two hundred toises of height; and the termites, still very frequent at three hundred toises of elevation, become very rare at Mexico, Santa Fe de Bogota, and Quito. In these great capitals, situate on the back of the Cor-

dilleras, we find libraries and archives, that the enlightened zeal of the inhabitants augments from day to day. The circumstances, which I here only indicate, are combined with others, that insure a moral preponderance to the Alpine region, over the lower regions of the torrid zone. If we admit, agreeably to the ancient traditions collected in both the old and new worlds, that at the time of the catastrophe, which preceded the renewal of our species, man descended from the mountains into the plains, we may admit with still greater confidence, that these mountains, the cradle of so many various nations, will for ever remain the centre of human civilization in the torrid zone. From their fertile and temperate table-lands, from these islets scattered in the ærial ocean, knowledge and the blessings of social institutions will be spread over the vast forests, that extend at the foot of the Andes, and are inhabited in our days by tribes, whom the very wealth of nature has retained in indolence."

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CONFESSIONS OF AN ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER:

*Being an Extract from the Life of a Scholar.*

(Continued from p. 68.)

I left the lodgings the very same hour; and this turned out a very unfortunate occurrence for me: because, living henceforward at inns, I was drained of my money very rapidly. In a fortnight I was reduced to short allowance; that is, I could allow myself only one meal a-day. From the keen appetite produced by constant exercise, and mountain air, acting on a youthful stomach, I soon began to suffer greatly on this slender regimen; for the single meal, which I could venture to order, was coffee or tea. Even this, however, was at length withdrawn: and afterwards, so long as I remained in Wales, I subsisted either on blackberries, hips, haws, &c. or on the casual hospitalities which I now and then received, in return for such little services as I had an opportunity of rendering. Sometimes I wrote letters of business for cottagers, who happened to have relatives in Liverpool, or in London: more often I wrote love-letters to their sweethearts for young women who had lived as servants in Shrewsbury, or other towns on the English border. On all such occasions I gave great satisfaction to my humble friends, and was generally treated with hospitality: and once, in particular, near the village of Llan-ystyndw (or some such name), in a sequestered part of Merionethshire, I was entertained for upwards of three days by a family of young people, with an affectionate and fraternal kindness that left an impression upon my heart not yet impaired. The family consisted, at that time, of four sisters, and three



brothers, all grown up, and all remarkable for elegance and delicacy of manners. So much beauty, and so much native good-breeding and refinement, I do not remember to have seen before or since in any cottage, except once or twice in Westmoreland and Devonshire. They spoke English: an accomplishment not often met with in so many members of one family, especially in villages remote from the high road. Here I wrote, on my first introduction, a letter about prize money, for one of the brothers, who had served on board an English man of war; and more privately, two love-letters for two of the sisters. They were both interesting looking girls, and one of uncommon loveliness. In the midst of their confusion and blushes, whilst dictating, or rather giving me general instructions, it did not require any great penetration to discover that what they wished was, that their letters should be as kind as was consistent with proper maidenly pride. I contrived so to temper my expressions, as to reconcile the gratification of both feelings: and they were as much pleased with the way in which I had expressed their thoughts, as (in their simplicity) they were astonished at my having so readily discovered them. The reception one meets with from the women of a family, generally determines the tenor of one's whole entertainment. In this case, I had discharged my confidential duties as secretary, so much to the general satisfaction, perhaps also amusing them with my conversation, that I was pressed to stay with a cordiality which I had little inclination to resist. I slept with the brothers, the only unoccupied bed standing in the apartment of the young women: but in all other points, they treated me with a respect not usually paid to purses as light as mine; as if my scholarship were sufficient evidence, that I was of "gentle blood." Thus I lived with them for three days, and great part of a fourth: and, from the undiminished kindness which they continued to show me, I believe I might have staid with them up to this time, if their power had corresponded with their wishes. On the last morning, however, I perceived upon their countenances, as they sate at breakfast, the expression of some unpleasant communication which was at hand; and soon after one of the brothers explained to me, that their parents had gone, the day before my arrival, to an annual meeting of Methodists, held at Caernarvon, and were that day expected to return; "and if they should not be so civil as they ought to be," he begged, on the part of all the young people, that I would not take it amiss. The parents returned, with churlish faces, and "*Dym Sassenach*" (no English) in answer to all my addresses. I saw how matters stood; and so, taking an affectionate leave of my kind and interesting young hosts, I went my way. For, though they spoke warmly to their parents in my behalf, and often ex-

cused the manner of the old people, by saying, that it was "only their way," yet I easily understood that my talent for writing love-letters would do as little to recommend me with two grave sexagenarian Welsh Methodists, as my Greek Sapphics or Alcaics: and what had been hospitality, when offered to me with the gracious courtesy of my young friends, would become charity, when connected with the harsh demeanour of these old people. Certainly, Mr. Shelley is right in his notions about old age: unless powerfully counteracted by all sorts of opposite agencies, it is a miserable corrupter and blighter to the genial charities of the human heart.

Soon after this, I contrived, by means which I must omit for want of room, to transfer myself to London. And now began the latter and fiercer stage of my long sufferings; without using a disproportionate expression I might say, of my agony. For I now suffered, for upwards of sixteen weeks, the physical anguish of hunger in various degrees of intensity; but as bitter, perhaps, as ever any human being can have suffered who has survived it. I would not needlessly harass my reader's feelings, by a detail of all that I endured: for extremities such as these, under any circumstances of heaviest misconduct or guilt, cannot be contemplated, even in description, without a rueful pity that is painful to the natural goodness of the human heart. Let it suffice, at least on this occasion, to say, that a few fragments of bread from the breakfast-table of one individual (who supposed me to be ill, but did not know of my being in utter want), and these at uncertain intervals, constituted my whole support. During the former part of my sufferings (that is, generally in Wales, and always for the first two months in London) I was houseless, and very seldom slept under a roof. To this constant exposure to the open air I ascribe it mainly, that I did not sink under my torments. Latterly, however, when colder and more inclement weather came on, and when, from the length of my sufferings, I had begun to sink into a more languishing condition, it was, no doubt, fortunate for me, that the same person to whose breakfast-table I had access, allowed me to sleep in a large unoccupied house, of which he was tenant. Unoccupied, I call it, for there was no household or establishment in it; nor any furniture, indeed, except a table, and a few chairs. But I found, on taking possession of my new quarters, that the house already contained one single inmate, a poor friendless child, apparently ten years old; but she seemed hunger-bitten; and sufferings of that sort often make children look older than they are. From this forlorn child I learned, that she had slept and lived there alone, for some time before I came: and great joy the poor creature expressed, when she found that I was, in future, to be her companion through



the hours of darkness. The house was large; and, from the want of furniture, the noise of the rats made a prodigious echoing on the spacious staircase and hall; and, amidst the real fleshly ills of cold, and, I fear, hunger, the forsaken child had found leisure to suffer still more (it appeared) from the self-created one of ghosts. I promised her protection against all ghosts whatsoever: but, alas! I could offer her no other assistance. We lay upon the floor, with a bundle of cursed law papers for a pillow: but with no other covering than a sort of large horseman's cloak: afterwards, however, we discovered, in a garret, an old sopha-cover, a small piece of rug, and some fragments of other articles, which added a little to our warmth. The poor child crept close to me for warmth, and for security against her ghostly enemies. When I was not more than usually ill, I took her into my arms, so that, in general, she was tolerably warm, and often slept when I could not: for, during the last two months of my sufferings, I slept much in the daytime, and was apt to fall into transient dozings at all hours. But my sleep distressed me more than my watching; for, besides the tumultuousness of my dreams (which were only not so awful as those which I shall have to describe hereafter as produced by opium), my sleep was never more than what is called *dog-sleep*; so that I could hear myself moaning, and was often, as it seemed to me, awakened suddenly by my own voice; and, about this time, a hideous sensation began to haunt me as soon as I fell into a slumber, which has since returned upon me, at different periods of my life, viz. a sort of twitching (I know not where, but apparently about the region of the stomach), which compelled me violently to throw out my feet for the sake of relieving it. This sensation coming on as soon as I began to sleep, and the effort to relieve it constantly awaking me, at length I slept only from exhaustion; and from increasing weakness (as I said before) I was constantly falling asleep, and constantly awaking. Meantime, the master of the house sometimes came in upon us suddenly, and very early, sometimes not till ten o'clock, sometimes not at all. He was in constant fear of bailiffs: improving on the plan of Cromwell, every night he slept in a different quarter of London; and I observed that he never failed to examine, through a private window, the appearance of those who knocked at the door, before he would allow it to be opened. He breakfasted alone: indeed, his tea-equipage would hardly have admitted of his hazarding an invitation to a second person—any more than the quantity of esculent *matériel*, which, for the most part, was little more than a roll, or a few biscuits, which he had bought on his road from the place where he had slept. Or, if he *had* asked a party, as I once learnedly and facetiously observed to him—the several mem-

bers of it must have *stood* in the relation to each other (not *sate* in any relation whatever) of succession, as the metaphysicians have it, and not of co-existence; in the relation of the parts of time, and not of the parts of space. During his breakfast, I generally contrived a reason for lounging in; and, with an air of as much indifference as I could assume, took up such fragments as he had left—sometimes, indeed, there were none at all. In doing this, I committed no robbery except upon the man himself, who was thus obliged, (I believe) now and then to send out at noon for an extra biscuit; for, as to the poor child, *she* was never admitted into his study (if I may give that name to his chief depository of parchments, law writings, &c.); that room was to her the Bluebeard room of the house, being regularly locked on his departure to dinner, about six o'clock, which usually was his final departure for the night. Whether this child were an illegitimate daughter of Mr. —, or only a servant, I could not ascertain; she did not herself know; but certainly she was treated altogether as a menial servant. No sooner did Mr. — make his appearance, than she went below stairs, brushed his shoes, coat, &c.; and, except when she was summoned to run an errand, she never emerged from the dismal Tartarus of the kitchens, &c. to the upper air, until my welcome knock at night called up her little trembling footsteps to the front door. Of her life during the day-time, however, I knew little but what I gathered from her own account at night; for, as soon as the hours of business commenced, I saw that my absence would be acceptable; and, in general, therefore, I went off and sate in the parks, or elsewhere, until night-fall.

(To be continued.)

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### Variety.

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Dr. Blair observes of Shaftesbury, "what is most wonderful, he was a professed admirer of *simplicity*; is always extolling it in the ancients, and abusing the moderns for the want of it; though he departs from it himself as far as any one modern whatever."

I saw Poussin, says Marville, during my residence at Rome. I have frequently admired the excessive love this excellent painter had for the perfection of his art. Old as he then was, I have met him among the ruins of ancient Rome, and sometimes in the country, and on the borders of the Tiber, sketching whatever he remarked the most to his taste. I have seen him frequently return with his handkerchief full of stones, moss, flowers, and similar objects, which he was desirous of painting



exactly after nature. I asked him one day by what means he had attained that high excellence which had placed him so eminently among the Italian painters; he answered modestly, *I have neglected nothing.*

Few circumstances are more curious in history than the unadorned recitals of some memoirs. Thomas Heywood, in his "England's Elizabeth," has noticed an instance that one of the most celebrated characters felt the same agitation, and expressed the same language, which an inferior prisoner would have experienced. This writer gives her meditations in the garden during her imprisonment, in which the natural passions are not entirely lost in the distortion of the language. During her confinement at Woodstock, hourly dreading assassination, she used to sit at the grate of her prison window, morning and evening, listening and shedding tears at the light carolling of the passing milkmaids. Among other insults she received in travelling, the high winds having discomposed her dress, she desired to retire to some house to adjust herself; but this she was refused, and was compelled to make her toilette under a hedge! A kindred anecdote is mentioned by Sir Walter Raleigh, of Charles V. who just after his resignation, having a private interview with some ambassador, and having prolonged it to a late hour after midnight, called for a servant to light the ambassador on the stairs; but they had all retired to rest; and the emperor, yet the terror of Europe, was compelled to snatch a candle and conduct the ambassador to the door. It is thus that majesty, unrobed of factitious powers, convinces even the slow apprehension of the vulgar, that the breast of grandeur only conceals passions like their own; and that Elizabeth dressing under a hedge, and Charles lighting the ambassador on the stairs, felt the same bitter indignity, which they are doomed to feel much oftener.

#### OBITUARY.

Died, in this city, on the 27th ult. in the 36th year of her age, *Ann Eliza Fisher*, relict of James Logan Fisher, and daughter of the late Sydney George, Esq. of Maryland. The character of this amiable lady is too deeply portrayed on the hearts of her sorrowing friends to be soon lost in oblivion. All the duties of life were performed by her with affectionate solicitude; gracefully courteous in her demeanour; pious, prudent, kind and benevolent in her conduct, her loss will long be felt and deplored in her own family; but to herself the exchange from a life of sorrow and anxiety, is, no doubt, unspeakably happy and glorious.

"——— though 'tis an awful thing to die,  
 'Twas e'en to her, yet the dread path once trod,  
 Heaven lifts its everlasting portals high,  
 And bids the pure in heart behold their God."

**Poetry.****VERSES**

*Addressed by James Montgomery, to a little Girl named Margaret, whom he met at Scarborough.*

Margaret, we never met before,  
 And Margaret, we may meet no more :  
     What shall I say at parting ?  
 Scarce half a moon has run its race,  
 Since first I saw your fairy face,  
 Around this gay and giddy place  
     Sweet smiles and blushes darting.  
 Yet from my heart I freely tell  
 I cannot help but wish you well.  
 I dare not wish you stores of wealth,  
 A troop of friends, unfailing health,  
     And freedom from affliction !  
 I dare not wish you beauty's prize,  
 Carnation lips and bright blue eyes !  
 They speak thro' tears, they breathe thro' sighs !  
     Then hear my benediction.  
 Of these good things be you possest,  
 Just in the measure God thinks best.  
 But little Margaret, may you be  
 All that His eye delights to see ;  
     All that he loves and blesses ;  
 The Lord in darkness be your light,  
 Your strength in sickness, shield in fight,  
 Your health, your riches, and your might,  
     Your comfort in distresses ;  
 The hope of ev'ry future breath,  
 And your eternal joy in death.

**CANZON.**

Why should I indiscreetly tell  
 The name my heart has kept so well ?  
 Why to the senseless crowd proclaim  
 For whom ascends my bosom flame ?  
 Alas, there are but very few  
 Who feel as I for ever do—  
 And hear, with shrieking sense of pain,  
 Holy words from lips profane !  
 For she is holy in my sight  
 As are the seraph forms of light !  
 And that blest name denotes whate'er  
 Of good there be—or chaste—or fair.  
 Of her, in time of heaviest wo,  
 I think, and tears forget to flow ;  
 Of her, in passion's fervid dreams,  
 And rapture's self the sweeter seems.—  
 And shall the name, whose magic pow'r  
 Throws light on every passing hour,  
 Shall it, a word of usage grown,  
 By every heartless fool be known ?  
 No—let it, shrin'd within my breast,  
 A little saint, for ever rest,  
 With pious ardours worshipp'd there,  
 Yet never mention'd, but in pray'r [Strangford's Camoens.